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With best wishes
and Love,
Rosa Lyon Belvin.
3/19/66 (Happy memories)

DEDICATED

TO

The memory of

MY PARENTS,

Fannie Duke Lyon

and

James Elekanah Lyon

RBR
E Pam
#7435

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"REMINISCING ABOUT DUKE'S CHAPEL CHURCH"

My earliest recollections of Duke's Chapel Church must have been back as far as 1888 or nine. Although, of a large family, my family must have been very proud of their children and told me often that I sang on a Christmas program when I was very young.

As I have said, our's was a large family of nine and all were christened in infancy except one and I don't know why she was neglected in this regard. Sometimes the preacher stayed overnight and the christening took place at home before going to church or at the regular church service. To me, it is one of the most sacred of our rituals.

The next of my recollections is of the Sunday School. There was one big auditorium (the Sanctuary) - all of the classes were held here. Everyone, as I recall, had great respect for it and there was very little confusion.

Teachers of early days were Miss Mamie Moore (Mrs. J. D. Hamlin), the Breeze sisters, Misses Nannie, Laura, and Olivia (Livy). They were later connected with our Methodist Orphanage in Raleigh.

Among the early Sunday School superintendents were Messrs. J. E. Lyon, Andy Rogers, Bill Thompson and Tom Mangum. We had church services only once a month, alternating from morning to afternoon. Sunday School was held every Sunday. There were few outside attractions and the young folks looked to Sunday and the social life, when our parlors would be crowded with boys and girls. The time was passed in singing around the organ and in general conversation, this resulting in many neighborhood marriages.

Miss Mamie Moore, Miss Anna Lyon (Mrs. Anna Rogers), Miss Bessie Lyon, (Mrs. Sam Thompson) were among the first organists. Later Miss Carrie Roberson and Miss Myrtle Horton (Mrs. J.E. Dickson).

Families prominent in the early church were - Rogers, Thompsons, Lyons, Moores, Hortons, Proctors, Rhodes, Breezes,

Greens, Vickers and Garrards.

One of my most pleasant memories is of a singing class taught by Professor Wilson. I was a mere child at the time, but I remember that his tuning fork held a fascination for me as he sang do-sol-me-do. He taught the do-re-me's, and I have a feeling of nostalgia as I recall Miss Laura Breeze singing alto and keeping time as she sang, and the tenor and bass voices as they rang out in "Speed Away", "I Will Sing The Wondrous Story", and many other songs that were new at this time. After the meetings, families and friends would gather around the piano or organ and sing for hours. Another occasion that was looked for with pleasure was the Revival or "Protracted Meeting". No farmer of the church was too busy to attend bringing a big picnic basket along with the whole family. Of course, there were two services daily, and sometimes, or I might say often there were prayer meetings which usually took the form of "Experience Meetings". In those days the Christians were not ashamed of their emotions. When Miss Mamie Moore went out or rather left her pew to go out and plead with the sinners, she was usually followed by Miss Sallie Garrard (Mrs. Samuel Garrard). "Miss Sallie", with her face radiant, would begin to shout, Miss Lucy and her mother Mrs. Edna Green joined in. The choir would then begin singing "The Home Over There". There was an outpouring of the Spirit and everyone flocked to the altar for reconsecration except a few very hard-hearted sinners.

The preacher or preachers usually went home with some member for the night. This is a highlight in my memory when they so honored us. The best linens and silver, saved for the occasion were brought out - nothing too good for the preacher. Before going to bed, the family Bible was brought in and all the family called in for prayer. - This was repeated the following morning before breakfast. It is hard for me to understand my parents getting nine children out of bed, a good breakfast of ham and eggs, hot biscuits, etc., and ready with a picnic basket, the family loaded in the surrey or what have you in time for the "leven" o'clock service. Job didn't have a thing on them. There were other families in the neighborhood that had similar experiences.

I have mentioned "Experience Meetings". Brother Sam Garrard

rarely failed to testify, "I have been serving my Master for nigh on to forty years, or he would say, "and I want you all to pray that I may hold out faithful to the end." "Brother Andy Rogers, Brother Ed Rogers and very often the women witnessed for Christ. Brother Ed, as he prayed, carried his congregation right up to the throne of Grace. Brother Andy, as I remember, began his prayer, Our Father we thank Thee for enabling us to come to thy House where prayer is wont to be made." My Daddy, "Where a few people are gathered together in thy name,"etc. "Miss Bob", (Greene) as she was called, I must not forget. "Miss Bob" walked more miles to church than any five persons in it. She was totally deaf but was a splendid lipreader. She read her Bible constantly and prayed without ceasing. To walk from Durham to Duke's Chapel was all in the day's work with "Miss Bob".

Early preachers that I heard my parents talk about were Cousin Jim Lyon, Uncle Lucius Holden, and Uncle Black - he stood out in my memory because he had only one arm. "Uncle Lex" (Walker), a preacher I remember quite well. He was called a local preacher. He preached for us often and was good for a whole hour. Others in sequence were the Reverend Jenkins, who later founded the Methodist Orphanage in Raleigh, the Reverend Roberson, McCracken, Fisher and Humble. Oh, I almost forgot the Reverend Twilly. Brother Twilly didn't mince matters when it came to money. I shall never forget how red his face, extending up into his bald head, became as he said, "I can't live on it, God knows I can't" I am just beginning to understand what he meant. He didn't stay with us long.

We did not have a Missionary Society at this time but the young girls collected forty or fifty dollars a year for the cause. Miss Emma Moore usually led in this field - she seemed to be the best talker.

In 1910, I moved my membership from Duke's Chapel to Trinity Church - Durham, but did not lose contact. The Reverend J.B. Thompson was my pastor when I left, and he was followed by The Reverend H.E. Smith and Craven. The Reverend Craven's ministry extended throughout the building of the new church.

Children's Day was always a special occasion and so was

Mother's Day. I found myself going back for these. Mr. S. A. Thompson and Mr. Otis Umstead were Sunday School Superintendents along this time. It was after I had attended one of these meetings that I decided to write Mr. B. N. Duke and mention that while the Dukes were giving vast sums of money to other churches that the first church or any public building to bear the Duke name was being sadly neglected. That if made a monetary offer, for the members had been talking of a more adequate structure, they might be spurred on to greater effort. He answered immediately, making only a very small offer. I thanked him and later when I had attended a Children's Day program I wrote him again and told him about the fine group of children, and although they had to go outside to change costumes they gave a fine performance and I was sure if he could have been there and heard them he would be glad to know he was having a part in giving them better facilities. It was after this that he sent Professor Flowers out to Duke's Chapel to investigate - this resulted in the present structure with the understanding that the church be used as a training center for Duke ministerial students.

We shall not minimize the part the members of Duke's Chapel played in this. The Ladies Aid was formed and worked hard to furnish the church. The Belvin heirs gave additional land. I am not sure but I have reason to believe that the members contributed about what they would have put into the church had they built it in the first place. Nonetheless, it stands not only as a memorial to Mr. Duke but is considered one of the most beautiful country churches in the conference.

The Reverend J.M. Ormand was the first pastor for the new church. The enclosed program explains the first service. The Reverend Craven worked hard and long while the church was being built and was called upon frequently to tell of the beginning of the new church.

Public school teachers who came to the community played an important part in the church. There were Misses Mary Parker, Cora Malone, Willie Hall, Frances Winstead and last Miss Nettie Beverly who liked the community so well that she came back to live among us, contributing much to the church in

form of daughters and sons-in-law.

After an absence of twenty-five years, I moved back to the country and, naturally, brought my church membership with me, and to the church to which I spent my earlier years. I enjoyed my stay at Trinity Church. It was rich in experiences and broadened my outlook on life. Two of my pastors became Bishops to say nothing of Bishop Garber who was a teacher at this time. For years, I was in Dr. Frank Brown's class - taught in the intermediate department, and had charge of children's work under Mrs. N. H. Wilson. You see my time was not wasted and so I think it best to serve the community in which we live for a richer experience.

As I recall, the Mc'Carver Bible then called The Ladies Bible Class, was taught by Mrs. J. M. Kennedy, wife of a retired minister, who had come to make his home in the community. They contributed much to the Spiritual life of the church and was much loved. This class, while not increasing in numbers is holding it's own and is a strong moral factor in the church.

Soon after I became a member, I was elected to the Board of Stewards and to the Board of Trustees. The church was then connected with the Duke Foundation and had pastors from among ministerial students at Duke. The members, as a whole, were not entirely satisfied with this arrangement. We were not progressing as they thought we should, however, under the leadership of the Reverend Harold Simpson the parsonage was built and furnished. There was protesting by some who said "it can't be done", not the right time, etc.", yet it is acknowledged to be one of the greater accomplishments of the church.

The Reverend Charles White followed Brother Simpson, and it was under his leadership that the church went on its own to greater achievements, adding an oil-heating plant and making additional classrooms, etc.

Under the Reverend Clyde McCarver there were further improvements in the form of redecorating and placing Memorial Windows - this to his everlasting credit. Last, but not least,

I would venture to say that every sermon was a masterpiece and it was generally conceded that he was among the best preachers in the conference.

The Reverend R. C. Mooney followed. Brother Mooney chose the harder task of whipping his congregation into shape- Teaching, that each of us have a job to do and a part to play. As a result, he has the finest group of men doing active work-evidence shown by recently remodeling basement rooms, lighting church lawn. More important, of course, was the establishment of business methods that resulted in better attendance at board meetings. This, naturally, gave a new perspective, attendance at Sunday morning services increased considerably. Incidentally, Mr. Mooney's reference to money was basis not only for controversy but a little bit of humor from time to time. One of our members had recently carpeted her stairway and hall. She was absent the following Sunday and inquired of me if the preacher said anything about "money". I replied, He didn't say anything about money, but he did say something about those who walk on their red carpets here on earth - and hers happened to be red - would hardly climb the "Golden Stair". I must add that while this was not a popular subject, he did awaken many of us to our responsibilities, and caused many to increase their pledge 100%.

This brings to a beginning of a more sober regime - Abraham Lincoln said he learned more from his mistakes than he did from his successes - and we learned lots, and had many regrets about one of our superintendents, who I am sure would have done a wonderful work at Duke's Chapel. Perhaps we didn't understand and all is forgiven. However, we did have a young man sent to us at this time - The Reverend Claude Chaffin. He was married and had one child (Ann). He and his wife were both from minister families. They did a great work and will be remembered for their wonderful service to the young people of the church. They sang with them, played with them, as well as prayed with them. Mrs. Chaffin was everything to be desired in a preacher's wife. She was active in every phase of churchwork. She not only sang in the choir, filled in as organist, attended every Missionary meeting, etc., but was friend - loyal in word and deed.

The Reverend Charles Vale followed the Chaffins. Mr. Vale's loss of health cut short his stay with us, but he became noted for his deep and meaningful sermons. We are indebted to him for helping to plan the lovely altar as it is today. Mrs. Vale taught in the public schools, and their daughter has received outstanding awards in the educational field. Our very dear pastor - The Reverend W. C. Wilson, climaxes this story. To tell of all the things he has promoted would call for a younger mind than mine. Aside from his duties as pastor, he has, with the help of the men of the church, improved the cemetery, set up a cemetery fund, improved the parsonage and church grounds - In fact, he has put Duke's Chapel on the map, so to speak. We have air-conditioning and a bell that tolls as part of the Sunday Morning Service. He knows as St. Paul says, both how to abound and to be abased. He is at home in the community, visiting the sick, comforting the bereaved, and has had more of this in his six years with us than the whole of his ministry. I am venturing to say this. In spite of the fact that he is always in the limelight as secretary of conference, - never an important picture that does not point to his importance and to the high position he holds in the conference. With all this, he is never too busy or taken up with affairs of church to be with his parishioners when they are in trouble or need him. His wife, "Miss Essie", as many call her hasn't been well - she has had many sorrows since coming to us, but it has not kept her from adding many touches in the Sanctuary that will be a Memorial should they leave us. We don't know how long they will be with us but they can never be replaced. "May God bless and keep them", wherever they go is my wish for them.

Rosa Lyon Belvin.

LOOKING BACK THROUGH THE CENTURY

One very often hears the remark, "I'm proud of my age. I don't mind telling it." Well, this sounds like "sour grapes", but there is a consolation to know that you got in on the ground floor and recall the "firsts" of so many things.

I was born four years after Durham County was formed, so I do have the honor of being born in Durham County instead of Orange (as so many of my contemporaries were), five miles from the Court House (north).

The first remembrance I have was the birth of Iris, my sister. I was about 3 years old. I distinctly remember hearing "Mama has a little baby." This couldn't have been an unusual event as there were 9 of us. The next definite remembrance was Lorena's birth. I was old enough then to be sent away from home for the night. This gives me almost 3/4 of a century to review the happenings.

My mother was the youngest of 9 children of "Billie Duke", founder of Methodism in this area. Naturally we were deep-dyed in the wool Methodists, all nine except the last one, Mary, were baptised in infancy -- wondering why, someone remarked, "Reckon they ran out of water."

"Uncle Billy" (as he was known) owned around 600 acres of land. He was able to give each of his children a farm or its equivalent in money. My mother inherited the homeplace. This is where I was born and reared. Incidentally, two of these farms are still owned by descendants of Uncle Billie's, and both families are members of Duke's Chapel Church -- the first public institution to carry the Duke name.

Sunday School was a great event in our scheme of things. We had church services only once a month, and the doors were never opened that any of the family were absent.

In the beginning of this article I talked about "Firsts", well, the first pastor that I remember was The Reverend Jenkins, founder of the Methodist Orphanage in Raleigh. He took from our church three wonderful sisters (The Breeze girls) to care for the numerous children he soon acquired.

I remember the threshing machine with several horses that went round and round -- so interesting for a little tot -- were they not going to leave tons of straw on which we could play day in and out?

My first day in school -- 1890 -- Miss Mary Canada, one of the best teachers of the day. The old building used now as a barn still stands not too far from and in sight of Duke's Chapel Church. Earlier teachers that I remember were Mr. Rufus Blalock and Mr. Billy Woods, who was one of our earlier Register of Deeds.

Now back to things -- The first bicycle; two cousins of ours came out riding it. The back wheel, as I remember, was about four feet high. How many of these were in Durham I don't know, but I do know they gradually dwindled in size as I grew older and quite common for both boys and girls.

Events that I remember when I was very small was the coming of that great evangelist, Sam Jones. I recall distinctly the tiers of seats in the warehouse on Mangum Street. People for miles around piled into buggies, wagons, surreys, etc. to attend these services -- by comparison. Billy Graham has nothing on Sam Jones and his influence is still felt, I imagine, in this vicinity. Later, when I was in my teens, I heard him at a lecture at City Hall. There were other evangelists -- Mr. Price, who was one of the best, Gypsy Smith, Mr. Ham and that unforgettable Cyclone Mack. Although transportation wasn't too swift, we managed not to miss anything of importance. While on this subject, I'll mention Chatauqua that came to Durham in my early married life. This, to me, was outstanding from an educational and cultural standpoint, as well as a source of entertainment. As I remember, the tent stood just across the Norfolk and Western railroad tracks on Morgan Street. Ellis-Stone was founded the year I was born and Rawl's, later Rawls-Knight. I don't remember Durham without these stores. Lamb's Clothing store later to become Lamb and Lyon. There were not too many women clerks then. George Wood at Ellis-Stone and the Dowdee boys at Rawls. The milliners in Durham seemed outstanding. Mrs. Ada M. Smith, Mrs. L. M. Perkinson, her sister, Mrs. Jenkins. There was "Miss Lona" Roberts and Miss Myrtle Dowdee, whom everyone loved. I must not forget Mrs.

Piper. When I look back I see pure aristocracy in its truest meaning.

After the turn of the century the Kronheimers came to Durham. Materials for the first time were priced at 98 cents, $1.98 instead of one and two dollars. Incidentally, it still holds. The Kronheimer women were very fine looking. They introduced the walking skirt as well as other new ideas for dress new to this area. "Mr. Ben" was quite a character and we still miss him from Rose Villa.

Now about the first automobile to come to Durham -- There was quite a stir at the Woman's Building in the Spring of 1902, when someone shouted, "See the automobile going around the race track." This contraption was built by Will Bryant and George Lyon and it really ran, maybe at a terrific rate of 10 or 15 miles per hour. About this time the electric trolley made its maiden journey in Durham. It, too, came by the Woman's Building. This was a life-saver for Durham and was the means of introducing to Durham that never-to-be-forgotten "Lakewood Park." There was a wonderful dance pavilion, swimming pool, roller coaster, swings, merry-go-round, casino. This was promoted by Mr. Thomas Wright, Sr. and known as the "Durham Traction Co." Most of the "old timers" have a feeling of nostalgia, as I do when we pass the old site, now occupied by the Lakewood Shopping Center.

Time with the help of the "street cars" went on and soon automobiles came into their own. About the first ones of importance were owned by Dr. Arch Cheatham and Dr. Manning. These looked like rubber-tired buggies minus the horse, and, by the way, rubber-tired buggies were quite an innovation, a far cry from the steel tire of our earlier vehicles.

C. P. Howerton, of the famous Howerton family, had a buggy shop on Mangum Street. And speaking of Howertons, I remember so well that venerable old gentleman Mr. Dick Howerton, who was then perhaps the only undertaker in Durham. I have a definite remembrance of his taking care of my brothers funeral and singing at the funeral, as does his son of today. This, sixty-two years ago, and still the Howerton's go on. The Reverend Warren Carr remarked in one of his addresses before the King's Daughters that he wanted to go

to heaven because to him the "Howerton's would be singing there. The Hobgood's lived on the corner across from the Howerton's. Alton got quite a kick telling this on "Uncle Dick". "Well, Mr. Howerton, how is business?" "Bad, bad", said Uncle Dick, shaking his head.

Do you remember the first lady to own and drive an automobile in North Carolina? She was Miss Sallie Holloway, now Mrs. J. D. Patterson of Greensboro. Her daughter, Carmen, now Mrs. Harold Bobo was the first woman to own and pilot an airplane in North Carolina. Miss Sallie was the first lady also to work in Durham Post Office under Civil Service. Her home stood on the site of what is now Fuller School. This reminds me of the old academy which stood on the corner of Chapel Hill and Cleveland Streets. Chapel Hill was then Green Street. How well I remember visiting in this vicinity and seeing John Kirkland coming up the street at a half-trot as he delivered the mail. And speaking of mail, I was a good big girl before we had rural delivery. We got our mail at General Delivery at the post office. Mr. Mangum was Postmaster at this time. About this time around 1897, I heard a lot about MacCadam Roads. My daddy, J. E. Lyon, was in the legislature at this time and I recall so well his telling about taking a trip with other members of the legislature to Charlotte to see and get information for these roads. We had only mud to plow through; and looking back, I wonder how we ever got away from home. "Hauling rock" became a means of making money for boys in the vicinity. Farm produce became so cheap that there was very few means of picking up extra cash. Women in the surrounding area strung sacks at 30 cents per thousand. These had to be cut apart, turned, strung, packed and tacked -- brought and carried back to the factory. Poverty was taken for granted. Looking back, I wonder how we survived. Incidentally, there were families who perhaps never had a balanced meal that almost made the century mark. Does this mean that people of the present are suffering from over-indulgence?

Our school terms were short but we were sent to subscription schools in the summer, one of which was taught by Miss Mamie Moore, who then lived at what is now known as the "Piatt Place". This was fully a mile and a half from our home. I suppose Mrs. Piatt will back me up in saying this is the

rockiest hill in Durham County. Incidentally, Mrs. Annie Swindell and Mrs. Rotcher Watkins are daughters of Miss Mamie.

As I said in the beginning, I went to school to Miss Mary Canada, but this was a large school and some of the parents decided they would like a smaller school nearer home. This materialized around 1897. We were fortunate to secure outstanding teachers; viz, Miss Corrine Bowling, Miss Mary Parker, Miss Willie Hall, Miss Cora Malone and Miss Flossie Byrd. Miss Cora was mother of our present postmaster, Mr. Malone Carver. We finally outgrew this school and a larger school was built near "Old Hebron." Ironically, we went to school in this old church while the new school was being built. My brother, Fleming Lyon, was teacher. My sister, Bertha and her good friend, Emma Moore, entertained us when the teacher's back was turned pantomiming "Uncle Ben Neal's (the colored preacher's) sermons. When my brother turned around to see what all the snickering was about these two gals were sitting back in the pulpit with Maury's big geography in front of them -- studying -- "hadn't done a thing." This reminds me that my husband's sister and I were guilty of the same offense -- the difference, my mother's brother, Dr. John Duke, had left his books in our home when he went into the Civil War. Naturally, these books were forbidden, but we managed to keep them hidden behind the same geography. While it was forbidden then, it gave to us knowledge on a much higher plane than we would have learned from our classmates, - Learning medical terms instead of everyday slang.

In the Fall of 1905 our school at Hebron was burned and a new school was built further out on Roxboro Road, facing Cathelwood Farms. I followed Miss Cora Malone and was the first teacher. Mr. C. W. Massey was Superintendent of Schools then. I was the only teacher, and averaged 35 to 40 pupils, with classes all the way from first to eighth grade. Don't ask me how! Looking back I wonder myself, but some of my pupils survived and have done very well in the teaching profession. I ran in to an old man recently, who reminded me that he went to school to me and that a certain boy who was so anxious to learn that I stayed in with him at recess and "learned" him. Well, I'd like to look back

and think that I "learned" somebody. My teaching days were over when I married.

Our first home, at what is Northgate, on Roxboro Road. My husband bought two acres, built a house, but because we were all of three miles from his work, we sold it for the huge sum of $1400.00. "How times do change" -- the house has since been moved around the corner to make room for Northgate Pharmacy and other public buildings in this block. Strange as it may seem, this house, after 54 years, looks today inside exactly as when we left it in 1910. I might add, we had one of the few phones in this vicinity and the first screens in this area. There was a slaughter pen in the vicinity, which made these very necessary. I shudder now when I think how those winged creatures swarmed on our front door screen in the afternoon.

Around this time prohibition was the political issue. Hard fought -- yet carried. Many throughout the country reformed and for a time became good citizens, but this was too good to last. Bootleggers appeared on the scene and new troubles arose. I will not be here to see the end of this curse, but the trend is toward putting it up to the individual -- that morals cannot be legislated, but instilled.

Soon after we moved to town and settled on the corner of Markham and Queen our first health officer, Dr. Mann, was introduced to Durham. One of his first jobs was to eliminate drainage from the sink into the back yards, and to remove pig pens from the city -- and such a howl! Mr. Mose McCown was running for mayor. I don't remember just how the election went but we did get rid of the pigs and people were forced to connect with the sewer. There was much typhoid -- looking back, we marvel that so many escaped. And then there was the furor of vaccination -- this around 1905. There were several cases of smallpox in the city. Victims were required to go to the "pest house." I recall that Mr Brown, a Yankee who had survived this dreaded disease, was employed to go ahead of the victim, shouting, "Smallpox!!!" "Close your doors!" We didn't need a second bidding. After a hard fight, compulsory vaccination became a law and smallpox was all but stamped out. Looking back, any reform was never welcomed.

Appendicitis made its appearance in the early part of the century. Dr. M. M. Johnson was about the only surgeon in Durham. He often operated by lamplight and on the kitchen table. So often he was not called until the appendix burst and, of course, his patients didn't have a chance. Mr. Watts came along and provided a hospital which still serves its people staffed with the best that the country affords -- "How Times Do Change."

And now my mind goes back to younger days and my visits to cousins. Going on Sunday morning to the First Baptist when Mr. Tyree preached there, and being in Mrs. B. L. Tyree's class of girls. I remember how handsome I thought she was. She remained this way through the years. And there was Miss Kempie Carlton, a music teacher, and Mrs. Edgar Cheek, Mrs. Bunn Whitted. I was fascinated as they reeled and rolled as they played the organ at church. I had relatives on Duke Street who attended Main Street Church. Aunt Jesse taught an adult class there for 50 years. Miss Ann Roney who was so individual. I was in her class when I was in school. The Angiers, who took an active part. We must not forget Cliff Dickson and his deep baritone. I can't forget the Holton family and how they stood out later in the educational field. These children were always there at Sunday School. Mr. Joe Duke, I remember seeing every Sunday. Mr. Sam Angier and his wife are still around and active as ever in the new Duke Memorial Church.

As I recall visiting on Duke Street, sitting on the porch at Aunt Jessie's, it was a treat to watch the people from Morehead Hill passing in their handsome carriages, horses' heads reined high. This, when the very rich stood out. Now it is so different -- you can hardly tell the difference. Perhaps it's better this way, but looking at wealth from another point of view, I wonder if the wealth of the Duke's, Watts, Carr's, and others had been distributed equally if there would have been a Duke University, Watts, or Lincoln Hospital -- and other public buildings inspired by the individual who had both money and vision.

There were later reforms in Durham which met with opposition at first but which have worked out well. The hiring of Negro policemen -- in the days past, when we hired colored

maids and nurses, my heart was torn by their tales of abuse by drunken husbands on Saturday nights. The thought came to me, if these women had someone of their own race to patrol their streets, someone that they could go to with their problems, without seeming to betray their own race. My husband discussed this and I think he was very well pleased with the results, and I might add, right here, that the negroes that are working now in stores throughout the city are very courteous and go out of their way to help you. Going back a little -- do you remember when the town (Durham, of course) almost burned. This was in 1913, fifty-one years ago. It was an awful time for most of us. Sparks were falling all over us, several blocks away -- it could be truly said, as the song goes, said to be inspired by such a conflagration. There was a hot time in the old town that night, and a scarry one too. There is always someone to rise to the occasion and in a few months, new buildings and better ones took the place of the ones that went up in flames. The grand old man, Mr. Fred Geer, almost a centenarian, left as a monument to his memory the Geer Building which now houses the Wachovia Bank and other offices. The Kress building is, as I recall, a monument to some of Mr. Geer's descendants and perhaps inspired by him. While speaking of fires, the burning of Trinity Church was an unforgettable occasion. As I remember it, we were getting ready for Sunday School when looking from my upstairs windows I saw smoke pouring from the building. Naturally, I, with hundreds of others, fearing that the steeple that reached almost to the sky would fall across the town only to see it seemingly heartbroken, crumple and fall into the belfry. Two of the most important losses were the lovely paintings on the vault or ceiling, and the lovely marble plaque of the Lord's Supper given by General Julian S. Carr, one of his last gifts perhaps to his church, I might add, that all of our pastor's (Mr. A. D. Wilcox's) sermons were destroyed. This perhaps accounted for one of his finest sermons the following Sunday: "From the Ashes, a Greater Trinity." I like to see in our records the name of one of the early pastors, the Rev. J.J. Renn, who officiated at my parents' wedding around 1872. I'd like to mention here some of my mother's and father's contemporaries who played a great part in Trinity Church, Mrs. Kate Green, her son Ernest, her daughter Rosa, Mrs. Tom Wright, Mrs. J. S. Mes-

ley, Mr. and Mrs. Nat Hunter, Mr. and Mrs. Whitmore, their daughter Annie whose lovely soprano voice stands out in my memory -- and last but not least, was Mrs. Raleigh Linthicum, who because of illness was left to support a large family. It was said because she tithed that her children added more to the Sunday School collection than any child attending. Irma, her daughter attests to this well-known saying "Train up a child in the way it shall go and when it is old it will not depart from it."

Let's not forget Mrs. Annie Durham who lived across from Trinity church. She was the wife of Dr. Hugh Durham - a friend to everybody, and many a child visited her if for no other reason than to hear her parrot, in a voice exactly like her mistress inviting them in. It was told that she kept Oscar, her son cutting wood all afternoon. For this she almost got her neck wrung, so mad was Oscar. "Cousin Ann" was one of those unforgettables.

I have mentioned "Reforms" in Durham and how anything new is opposed. This, I suppose, is very much in evidence today. How many of us fought the idea of tearing away parts of Durham only to see beautiful buildings rising up in their places - The Hospital Care building, and the new ones being in the Cleveland Street vicinity - While all of us feel that the Julian S. Carr home, the old Washington Duke home, the Duke Mansion and others should have been preserved to posterity, I think the time will come when we will think of the new bank building going up on the corner of Duke and Chapel Hill Streets an asset to Durham. Does not history say that Mr. J. B. Duke gave the founder of this Insurance Company the inspiration to go forward in the field of business? Incidentally, when the Negro gets the rights that every taxpaying citizen deserves, he will go on to building a better race, being proud that he has a chance to develop in his own way the talents that God has endowed him with.

This brings us up from the "Horse and Buggy Day" to the "Jet Age". When Chas. Lindbergh flew the Atlantic, my daughter Frances, was quite small - I remember so well that I had to limit space in my scrapbook for her clippings. I am glad now to have this first-hand information on the first flight across the Atlantic, and later on the flight of

"Wrong Way Corigan" who, heading for the West Coast landed in Ireland.

I referred to the "Jet Age". Now an everyday affair, our planes scooting across the ocean in a matter of minutes - Just this minute Oct. 29, 1964, I see on T.V. a contraption kept in the air by a light beam from the ground. Marvelous to say the least - and, of course, the "Space Age" is here also, and I would say that if, and when a man is landed on the moon it, to my way of thinking would be no greater fete comparatively, than the things that have been developed in the twentieth century to date. "And what is man that Thou art mindful of him"?

Looking back through this script - things that I have jotted down just as they have come to me, I failed to mention the Silent Movies, the Phonograph, Talking Machine, Radio and X-Ray that came into being in the early part of the century. I shall never forget the thrill when our son Piper, assembled our first radio. We were at supper when he handed me the earphones and I heard, This is K.D.K.A. Pittsburg" and later to hear President Harding's inaugural address.

It was at the World's Fair, 1939, that I was first introduced to Television. So far as I know, there had not been any sold commercially prior to this time. Now twenty-five years later there is scarcely a home that does not rate one. This, with the radio, has done more to make man equal - or as I might say to have a better understanding of each other than any other invention to date. The rich and poor alike hear the same news and view the same programs. It was at the World's Fair that I saw, for the first time, nylon hose made from coal. For the life of me, I couldn't puzzle "out" how that glassy thread could be converted not only into hose but into every form of fabric imaginable - some on the market today soft as silk and downy as wool.

One of the greatest discoveries of our day is Pencillin. This was perfected in World War II. If there is any virtue in war it could be a means to push Man into exercising his God-given talents for the benefit of humanity. While there has been great loss of man power from war, this drug has saved millions, and will continue to do so through the ages.

We may now ask ourselves the question "what is there left for science to do?" I could answer this if I, like Mr. Tennyson, could dip into the future far as human eye could see, see the wonders of the world and all the wonders that could be, Argosies in the air, etc. Again, I say I might be able to answer it. As it is, I can only say I'd be happy to feel that they would discover the makings of "Peace on Earth", for it is only through "Man" that this can come. There is no other way.

Rosa Lyon Belvin.

FORTY OR MORE YEARS WITH THE KING'S DAUGHTERS

According to the records I became a member of The King's Daughters in May 1926, but had become interested this - acutely so, when, and after Mrs. W. G. Parrish became matron in 1919. Mrs. Parrish was a neighbor of mine and I might say a second mother - Always ready to come if the children were sick - It was a lucky day for both Mrs. Parrish and the King's Daughters when Mrs. "Pattie" Baldwin visited me on Saturday morning. Mrs. Baldwin was on the Executive Board of the King's Daughters at this time and mentioned that they were looking for a matron. It so happened that the husband of Mrs. Parrish was at the point of death and did pass away that evening. Mrs. Parrish had every qualification for this office dignity, culture, and the art of getting along with people. She attended Miss Patty Mangum's school for girls and must have been an apt pupil - She performed the most menial tasks with dignity, as only a true aristocrat can. It came to her lot to nurse a very sick husband, at the same time using her needle for support. Observing all this and knowing she would be available I mentioned her to Mrs. Baldwin, and two weeks from the day she was installed in the home as matron - this before the home was remodeled.

Under Mrs. Parrish's supervision the home began to take on a new look. - Flowers were in evidence. - The large ferns that have been there through the years had their start under her. The grounds took on a new look, also. - The ladies in the home were encouraged to dress in the afternoon, and to use their refreshments in their rooms if they indulged. Women have taken on a more masculine habit now, and so this form is rarely seen. Do we prefer the change?

I visited Mrs. Parrish frequently. - Mrs. Patton was president.- her picture as does Mrs. J. C. Angier's, hangs in the parlor of the home. Some of the residents I recall were Mrs. Frazier, mother of the senior Jones and Frazier jewelers. Miss Bob Greene, Miss O'Kelly, sister of one of our former doctors. Miss O'Kelly was a deaf-mute. Mrs. Parrish soon learned to communicate through the touch system - she was so good-natured she became a favorite.

Mrs. J. C. Angier followed Mrs. Patton as president. Mrs. Angier was a splendid businesswoman, had been quite active in civic and business affairs - Her church, however, was her chief concern. Salaries at this time were very small. - She advocated better salaries for the matron and higher wages for the cooks, maids, etc. This was the beginning of the plans for the remodeling. 'Twas after they resettled in the new building that I became a member. I can't imagine this but I see from the record Mrs. E. G. Belvin, 309 Markham $1.75 - I do know we had Circles and they planned and served the meals, financed by each member paying her pro rata part. And what lovely luncheons we did have. There were variations according to how well our leader liked to eat. I am not sure when the new plan - paying twelve dollars per year - came into being, perhaps under Mrs. Young's presidency. Women active at this time were Mrs. W. P. Clements, Mrs. Baldwin, Mrs. Barker, Mrs. Shipp, Mrs. Luther Markham, Mrs. Adkins, Mrs. Zalph Rochell, Mrs. Holt and Miss Mary Leathers, Mrs. B. L. Tyree, Mrs. C. L. Haywood, Mrs. Nan Cheek, Mrs. Fulford were among the charter members. Women who came in later to serve as presidents were Mrs. Mina Underwood Rigsbee, Mrs. Robert Holleman, Mrs. Oliver Upchurch, and Mrs. T. W. Young. These women worked long and faithfully - Mrs. Young and Mrs. Rochell to hold state offices.

One of the many women that will go down in K's.D's history will be Mrs. A. V. Cole. Mrs. Cole served as treasurer for many years. She told me that, in early years a fortune teller said she would handle much money and it seemed that she fulfilled this prophecy.

All of these years that I have been associated in this organization have been profitable ones for me - the many homes that I have had the privilege of visiting - The numerous women that have been in and out of my home, that I would never have known - Mrs. Moss that put so much time into the Circles. I remember so well - Mrs. Angier entertaining our group, this, after she was eighty. These two women - Mrs. Moss and Mrs. Angier inspired me to go on, and I shall continue, knowing that it is not what you get but what you give that promotes happiness. Miss Mary Leathers who has been an invalid for sometime exudes happiness and so inspires us to greater efforts.

Pioneers usually get more credit for outstanding service than do the ones that come in later, and of course, we know the ones that "blaze the trail" have it hard and it takes courage, but the work of the late Sheltering Home Circle presidents must not be underestimated. Mrs. Young who has never seen an obstacle that she couldn't surmount - she has represented us as State President, attending chataquas, conventions all over the land. Anything that would further the work of this chapter. She also gives liberally of her means. Mrs. J.M. Cheek, a veritable "Rock of Gibralta" followed Mrs. Young as president and served long and well. The second new building came under her tenure in office. I shall not attempt to tell how this drive for funds was engineered, but I do know these women worked long and hard. They seemed to have the kind of leadership that inspired confidence, and we were all glad to follow, and cooperate to the best of our ability. Mrs. W. K. Rand was outstanding in her aid at this time.

The Christian attitude found in the King's Daughters, or I should say exemplified by them has a far reaching influence in the community. Almost every religious denomination in Durham is represented in it's membership, and I found that it has done much to broaden us getting away from that "Me and Thee" attitude.

Following Mrs. Cheek - Mrs. Garrett - a lovely little woman, dainty in appearance, whom you would never guess would take on the responsibility of president and all it involves. She has six years to her credit and did a wonderful job. She, with her husband represented us at the International Convention in California.

As to presidents, we are now very fortunate to have Mrs. Spears Hicks. Mrs. Hicks has spent many years as librarian on the East Campus, and although a member of long-standing and had talked to the group on many occasions, was willing after retirement to take on this work - She loves people, she's friendly and naturally draws people to her - Don't tell her but I feel as do many others that she will go just as high in the official capacity, both in state and nation as she likes. You have but to attend her board meetings to be convinced.

At this writing November 11, it is Bazaar time at the K'D's - These have been held from time to time and sometimes net the organization up to a thousand dollars. How these women do work, especially those who are willing to assume leadership. I can only mention a few - Mrs. Tilley and Mrs. Council of this year, Mrs. Hobgood, Miss Mary Leathers, Mrs. Ingram, Mrs. Young, Oh! My stars, they are legion. The presidents are always in evidence. Mrs. Cheek once took on a money-making project that must have been an enormous responsibility. She is now treasurer of the chapter and just seems to generate money - Her sincerity is convincing. This could be one answer.

Let's reminisce a bit about Founder's Day. This has been observed each year on the thirteenth of January. Looking back, I recall those under different leaders - Mrs. Angier, Young, Holleman, Cheek and Garrett. Most of these were held in the Washington Duke, now Jack Tar Hotel Ballroom. Lovely silver, candelabras and flowers were used in profusion - all adding up to beauty unsurpassed. This was usually done by members of the group chosen for their impeccable taste. Then there were the speakers for the occasions. Those standing out in my memory are Dr. Trela Collins with Mrs. Robert Holleman as toast mistress - Dr. Warren Carr, Mrs. Ray Vanderbeck - national president - a charming person and Mr. Carl Goerch. Mr. Goerch was at his best at this time. These affairs were planned well and carried out in detail - The meal only secondary to the entertainment - The best voices were chosen - I well remember Dr. Warren Carr saying, "He knew when he got to Heaven the "Howerton's would be singing there". All of us "old-timers" could easily understand and appreciate this.

I could go on and on about the former programmes, but the recent one of January 13, was planned and carried out by our new president, Mrs. Spears Hicks, assisted by Mrs. T. W. Young - an old "Stand-by". - They chose Dr. Robert Bradshaw, pastor of Duke Memorial as speaker and Mrs. James Patrick, toast mistress. The guests were seated at round tables instead of the usual long ones. The effect was very pleasing. There were unique corsages representing the colors of the K's.D's, favors and lovely centerpieces. Our Silver Cross magazine

carried pictures of the speaker, Dr. Bradshaw, the toast mistress, Mrs. Patrick, Mrs. Young and our president, Mrs. Hicks. Speaking of pictures, there was a lovely picture of Mrs. Claude Cannon, chairman of Indian work, also telling of the wonderful work she was, and is still doing in this department. You have but to look these numbers up in the 1965 numbers of the Silver Cross for details.

I have attended several conventions held in many sections of North Carolina. While there was much work done and careful planning behind these gatherings, the women took time out to play - some of them bringing back hilarious experiences which furthermore proves the adage "That all work and no play makes Grandma dull". Mrs. Cherry amused us when, on one of her National trips pretended to be a "Green-Horn" from the South who had never seen an escalator. And by the way, Mrs. Cherry was superintendent of children. It was always an inspiration to me to read her articles in the Silver Cross, programmes she planned for her children, letters, and sound advice based either on the Bible or some philosophy for them to live by. I venture to say that Mrs. Cherry will go down in King's Daughters History as an outstanding member and officer.

When I was mentioning older members who have gone from us, I did not mention Mrs. Card, wife of "Cap" Card, so well-known at Trinity College, now Duke University. Mrs. Card entertained us frequently with her "readings". Her two daughters, Mrs. Wortham Lyon and Mrs. Oliver Upchurch are carrying on for her. They express themselves in lovely decors, whenever and wherever needed, as well as in other capacities.

Mrs. Wylanta Holt holds priority in membership. She has been generous not only with her time but her substance as well. Rarely a need that she has not responded - I could say this of many others as well.

With this well-worn saying, "last but not least" is the Sara Barker group. This circle made up of young people, under the leadership of it's founder from which it gets its name, has grown and grown; although not directly aligned to the Sheltering Home Chapter works with it - taking leading parts

in various capacities. Recently they put on a "skit" before, or rather for a Founder's Day audience, portraying Margaret Bottome with her ten charter members.

I began this article with Mrs. W. G. Parrish as matron. Mrs. Parrish after thirteen years service passed away, and other matrons succeeded her but not for long. I recall Mrs. Slade and Mrs. Mamie Grim. Mrs. Norma Browning followed and has served for more than three decades. She seems everything desirable for a position of this kind - quiet, conservative and above all, kind. Observing her as I have from time to time, she seems always to be looking out for the interests of the King's Daughters. She is economical, a very essential quality for a supervisor. Mrs. Browning meets with each group each month to plan the luncheons, and while there is always a good and adequate meal she keeps cost at a minimum. She has to do this because no member is assessed more than $12.00 per year and this includes their monthly luncheons. Visitors are only required to pay 65¢ for theirs.

Mrs. Browning reports religious services regularly - these by both church and civic groups. She has instituted the "Christmas Party", given by herself and her family of the Home - a wonderful supper meeting for all members, and Christmas tree and gifts for each resident of the Home. This idea is original with Mrs. Browning and has proven to be an outstanding event of the year. She provides entertainment for the party also. I happened in on Christmas morning 1964 - I was impressed by the lovely holiday and homelike atmosphere.

I have failed to mention that the Executive Board meets regularly each month to discuss details - somewhere along the way a yearly Bible Study has been inaugurated. Ministers of different denominations have been invited to teach. Dr. Dennis Hockaday, and Dr. Bennett are among the most recent. Dr. Bennett, in one of his studies, explained the three words regarding "Time". I learned why I am always late - I'm on "Chronological".

The Board is evidently looking for the best in everything. They give us the benefit of travel, having films shown by those that have managed to explore foreign countries, among

them our very own Dr. Bennett and Mrs. Eileen Young McDonald, daughter of our Mrs. Young. Oh, the King's Daughters don't miss a thing of a cultural nature for it's members and residents of the Home.

The new addition to the home supplies not only extra space for the residents, (parenthetically there is always a long waiting list) but a lovely auditorium known as the "Brodie Duke" - The monthly meetings are held here, and it is available to civic groups for a very small fee.
I have been rambling around with never a thought that someone is wondering "What is this all about and what does the King's Daughter's organization do and what is their Aim?" Well to make a long story short, Margaret Bottome (pronounced Bot-tome') is the founder. She was a very wealthy woman of New York. She became tired of frittering her life away, and decided to invite a few of her friends in to see if she could interest them in banding together in the thought that they might use their time and talents for the benefit of humanity - They called themselves "King's Daughters" which means daughters of the King, (Christ). That whatever they did would be "In His Name". This organization has, in it's seventy-five years, grown to the extent of being established all over the world. It is international, interdenominational and interracial. You have but to read the Silver Cross to see, and learn just how far-reaching it is.

Following the above principles, the King's Daughters of Durham have chosen as their main interest "The Care of the Aged" in that they maintain a lovely "Home" on the corner of Buchanan Boulevard and Gloria Avenue. This could well be a "Home away from home". It is not charity, in that the residents pay for their room and board. The fee for this is kept at a minimum because there are more than a hundred women in Durham willing to give of their time and means to provide such a home. Various groups across the country express themselves in hospitals, homes for unwed mothers, camps for children and any worthwhile project that is needed in their realm. The North Carolina chapter built a Chapel at Samaracand, a school for delinquent boys.

It can be truly said of the King's Daughters, they "Look up, Not down, Out, not in, Forward, not back, and Lend a hand".

In His Name.
Rosa Lyon Belvin